

*LE LUTRIN: AN HEROICK
P O E M*

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN FRENCH BY
MONSIEUR BOILEAU

MADE ENGLISH BY

N. O.

(1682)

THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

PUBLICATION NUMBER 126

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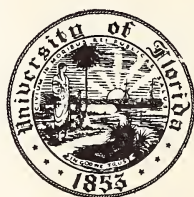
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HEROICK POEM

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Introduction by
RICHARD MORTON

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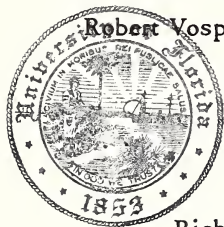
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X

INTRODUCTION

What mighty Contests rise from Trivial Things,
I sing. (*The Rape of the Lock*, Canto I)

Mock-heroic poetry is central to Augustan English literature, and Boileau's *Le Lutrin* was the most celebrated model of the genre. Tassoni's *La Secchia Rapita* was earlier, but less generally esteemed. "Boileau, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence, his famous *Lutrin*,"¹ noted Dryden, who then went on to compare Boileau's style with Vergil's. "We see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his Master.... Here is the Majesty of the Heroique, finely mix'd with the Venom of the other; and raising the Delight which otherwise wou'd be flat and vulgar, by the Sublimity of the Expression."² The impact on English letters of Boileau's poem was a commonplace, as Joseph Spence's anecdote about Dean Lockier's rebuke to a forgetful Dryden illustrates.³ Samuel Garth's note to *The Dispensary* shows that writers were not generally grudging of their debt. "Their next Objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the Imputation."⁴ A generation later it still set the standard; Dennis used extravagant praise of *Le Lutrin* to highlight his scorn for the frivolities of *The Rape of the Lock*.

Boileau's poem gave double pleasure to the Augustans – as a vivacious attack on follies (especially Papist follies) and as a novel addition to the literary genres. John Crowne praised the poem as a Satire. "I am sure you value, Mr. *Boileau*; and a piece of his all Men of Sence have esteem'd, because it exposes to contempt Men, who are the Antipodes to good Sence."⁵ Nicholas Rowe admired it for its formal characteristics. "I am apt to believe that if the Design of the *Lutrin* be entirely his own and modern, it is because there was nothing in the Ancient Poetry of this kind for him to draw after.... Whatever Name or Title the Critics may be pleas'd to dignify or distinguish this Sort of Writing with, I am sure it has had the good Fortune to be very well receiv'd:

The Reputation of the *Lutrin* in France, and the *Dispensary* in England, are two of the best Modern instances of Success in Poetry that can be given.”⁶ Indeed, Garth’s poem and *MacFlecknoe* rapidly confirmed the new style in England. Although later critics were to distinguish with more sophistication between the burlesque and the mock-heroic, the late seventeenth century was happy to link *Hudibras*, *Scarronides* and *Le Lutrin* together, and to look forward to the development of a new, lively, even rowdy literary genre.

The first attempts to translate *Le Lutrin* into English were significant pieces, not lightly undertaken and certainly worth our attention:

- I. “The Desk. An Heroique Poem. First Canto” (MS. Bodleian Rawlinson poet. 123), first printed in A.F.B. Clark, *Boileau and the French Classical Critics in England 1660-1830* (Paris, 1925), pp. 465-472. There is some evidence that this piece is by John Oldham; see Percy L. Babington, “Dryden Not the Author of *MacFlecknoe*,” *Modern Language Review*, XIII (1918), and Harold F. Brooks, “A Bibliography of John Oldham,” *Proceedings and Papers of the Oxford Bibliographical Society*, V (1936), 37: no. 40.
- II. *Le Lutrin: An Heroick Poem, Written Originally in French By Monsieur Boileau*. Translated by N.O. (London, 1682). Reprinted in Clark, pp. 473-504.
- III. John Crowne, *Daeneids, Or The Noble Labours of the Great Dean of Notre-Dame in Paris* (London, 1692).
- IV. *Boileau’s Lutrin render’d into English verse*. [By John Ozell.] *To which is prefix’d some account of Boileau’s Writings, and of this Translation by N. Rowe* (London, 1708).

Ozell’s translation is the one met with in eighteenth century collections of Boileau’s works.

Boileau’s tightly ordered wit and harmonious versification make literal translation difficult. The Rawlinson version is close to the French in plain sense, but is unpolished and often unmetrical. Crowne, with a kind of manly scepticism like that of the dashing characters in his plays, makes no scruple about deserting

the original for line after line – "I treat it as an English Privateer wou'd do a French Prize, great part of it I fling away, and I dash-brew and disguise the rest as I think good." Ozell is faithful to the original, elegant and amusing in places, but he frequently stumbles into jog-trot (as he does in his later version of Tassoni).⁷ All three seek, primarily, the vivacity of burlesque; inevitably they have some of its crudities.

N.O.'s work is the most interesting; he seems to be particularly aware of English heroic diction and to understand that it differs from the French. He sees that Boileau's joke needs to be transformed as well as translated. He has studied Milton as well as *Hudibras*; he knows the lavish, figurative and slightly archaic language of the English epic and can both imitate its impressive flights ("A Stately Bed, the Post most richly Gilt") and mock its periphrasis by descent into the bathetic commonplace:

All Ancient usages he could Describe,
For he was *Dad* of all the singing Tribe.

N.O.'s rich usage of parallelism, duplicated epithets, abstractions, personifications, Latinisms, and inversions suggests a deliberate attempt to mime the diction of Sylvester, Milton, or Cowley. But the use of comic partial rhymes, feminine endings, slang and colloquialisms shows that he was mocking the pomposity of the heroic style. While the other translators found comic discrepancy mainly in the action and so produced farce, N.O. created comic discrepancy of style, to produce genuine mock-epic.

The opening of Canto III is a good example of N.O.'s technique. The vocabulary is elevated, but the metre is rough and the feminine rhymes incongruous. We may contrast Ozell at this point:

Old *Night*, triumphant on a sooty Cloud,
Parent of Fears, and Nurse of Sorrow, rode.
Burgundia's vinous Fields she hovers round,
And sheds her dreary Vapours o'er the Ground.

There is little wit in the diction and the rhymes are obvious. The entire passage is much duller than that of N.O.

Like Boileau, N.O. can move his narrative along effectively and swiftly – his neat lines describing the owl's emergence from the pulpit (p. 26) are much better than Ozell's long-winded and awkward version:

When from his Powdry Roost the *Bird of Night*
With Fate-denouncing Outcries takes his Flight;
Like *Statues*, petrify'd with Chilly Fear.
Unable to resist, they shake, they stare.
Howlet the' *Illuminated Wax* descry'd,
And soon extinguish'd with his Wings their Guide.

Crowne at this point is witty, but a long way from Boileau's original:

The angry Owl once more depriv'd of Ease,
Rushes abroad with louder Menaces,
Scatt'ring a Storm of Wind and Dust about,
Which put their Candle and their Courage out.

N.O.'s methods of translation may be seen by comparing the passage on page 32, lines 7-14, with the French:

J'ai cru remplir au cœur ma place accountumée,
Là, triomphant aux yeux des chantes impuissans,
Je bénissois le peuple, et j'avalais l'encens,
Lorsque du fond caché de notre sacristie,
Une épaisse nuée à longs flots est sortie,
Qui, s'souvrant à mes yeux, dans son bleuâtre éclat,
M'a fait voir un serpent conduit par le prélat.

In place of Boileau's lean and brisk French, N.O.'s English is consciously archaic; he uses epithets throughout, turns the direct action into a personified abstraction, builds a complex parallel structure with inversions and formulae and modulates the level of his vocabulary. Boileau's straight-faced classical restraint is translated into the gaudy artifice of the English heroic style – from Sylvester to Dryden's Vergil – and the French poem is effectively naturalized.

In several places N.O. moves far from his original. Frequently he runs beyond the French in stressing the grotesque, physical

aspects of the satire – Juvenal remains the patron of the English moralists. His Canto II is Hudibrastic in tone, rambunctious or even crude in its comedy of the lower classes. A few references to English life are intruded as the prologue to Canto II observes: the great Jansenist Arnauld is categorised in local terms – “*Arnold* and all his little *Whigs*” (p. 8) and Dryden is alluded to in Canto IV (p. 33):

Or rather thou, whose Muse did Pen the Stories

Of the sad Contrasts ’tween the *Whiggs* and *Tories*!

(Ozell at this point introduced Garth: “And Thou who painted in a deathless strain / The *Licens’d Homicides of Warwick-Lane!*”) A larger change is the amplification of the episode with the owl. Her revenge on Boirude and his imprecation are expanded in a lively passage which includes the localised reference to “her that scap’d the Devils Arse i’t’h’ Peak.” This is explained by a passage in Charles Cotton’s poetry:

Your Guide to all these Wonders, never fails

To entertain you with ridic’lous Tales

Of this strange place, one of the *Goose* thrown in,

Which out of Peaks-Arse, two miles off, was seen

Shell-naked sally, rifled of her Plume;

By which a man may lawfully presume,

The Owner was a Woman grave, and wise,

Could know her *Goose* again in that disguise.⁸

The most notable addition to Boileau is the series of “Arguments” to the Cantos, which step outside the poem and, in Hudibrastic lines, address the reader rather in the manner of Restoration stage prologues and epilogues.

We do not know who N.O. was. He does not appear to have translated Boileau’s later Cantos V and VI, nor did his translation attract much attention, in the Augustan age or later. But it can fairly be considered, along with its greater contemporaries *MacFlecknoe* and *The Dispensary*, as occupying a meaningful place in the tradition of Augustan mock-epic which culminated in *The Rape of the Lock* and *The Dunciad*.

McMaster University

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. "Discourse on Satire," *Poems*, ed. J. Kinsley (Oxford, 1958), II, 664.
2. *Ibid.*, II, 665.
3. Lockier on hearing this plucked up his spirit so far as to say in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, that *Mac Flecknoe* was a very fine poem, but that he had not imagined it to be the first that ever was writ that way! On this Dryden turned short upon him, as surprised at his interposing.... Lockier named Boileau's *Lutrin* and Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita*, which he had read and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. 'Tis true,' says Dryden, 'I had forgot them.' *Anecdotes*, ed. James Osborn (Oxford, 1966), I, 274.
4. 2nd ed. (London, 1699).
5. Preface to *Daeneids* (London, 1692).
6. *The Works of Monsieur Boileau Made English* (London, 1712), pp. clxxx-clxxxi.
7. *La Secchia Rapita: The Trophy-Bucket* (London, 1713).
8. *The Wonders of the Peake* (London, 1681).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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AN
HEROICK POEM,
WRITTEN
Originally in F R E N C H,
BY
MONSIEUR BOILEAU:

Made E N G L I S H
BY
N. O.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. A. for Benjamin Alsop at the Angel and
Bible in the Poultry, 1682.



Le Lutrin :

AN

HEROICK POEM.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Argument? *what needs a Proëme,*
To vamp a Three-half-penny Poëme?
 No, Reader, No; 'twas never writt
For thy sake, but for little Chitt.
St. George oth' back-side of the Horn-book,
The Dragon kills, to Humour Scorn-book.
And thus to wheddle in young Fops,
The gilded Sign hangs o're the Shops:
Miss won't come in to Buy, before
She spies the Knick-knacks at the Dore.
Thus Queasie Madams meat forbear
Untill they read, The Bill of Fare.

*Instead of Frontispiece, or Babbie,
We plac't to please some puiney Rabbie,
Who hates an Author that enlarges,
And cons the Index to save charges.*

*Discord, that Tearing, Hectoring Ranter,
Provokes a Dean and his Arch-chanter,
Who had liv'd friendly forty years,
To fall together by the ears;*

*A Rotten Pulpit plac'd i'th' Quire
Furnished fuel to the Fire :*

*Three swashing Blades, blind Fates agree
Should do the work : but who they bee,*

*Pray ask the Canto, that can tell
Better than I : and so Farewell.*

*Thus far the Porch, now view the House,
Here is the Mountain, there's the Mouse.*

Immortal feuds, and more than Civil Warrs,
And Fights thô fierce, disfigur'd with no Scarrs
I sing ! And thee *Great Prelate*, who of late,
Maugre the Chanter, and Reluctant Fate
Didst raise at length a *Pulpit* in the Quire,
Th' immortal Trophée of thy Mortal Ire.

Twice the *Pragmatick Chanter*, thô in vain,
Presum'd to discompose thy peaceful Reign ;
Twice with Schismatick Pride did enterprize
To force the *Chapter* in Rebellion rise ;
As oft the *Dean* him swoln with envious rage,
Hurl'd Headlong from high hopes ; and by the sage

Sexton

Canto 1.

LE LUTRIN.

;

Sexton assisted, terrify'd the People
 Who durst dispute the Title to his *Sceptre*.
 Instruct me *Muse*, for thou canst tell, what Thirst
 Of sweet Revenge, thô Dire, engaged first
 Religious Souls to break the Sacred Tye
 Of blessed Peace and heaven-born Amitie,
 To make old Friends new Rivals ; *can there rest*
Such bitter Gall in a Religious Breast ?

And thou Great *Heroe*, whose wise conduct stilled
 The growing Schisme which else thy Church had risted,
 With favour influence my Advent'rous Verse,
 Nor dare to laugh, whilest I thy Acts rehearse.

In melting Pleasures of Fraternal Peace
 An ancient *Abbey* long had dwelt at ease,
 Whose Scarlet *Prebends* blear'd poor Mortals eyes,
 Whose *Ermines*, Winters Frost, and Snow defies ;
 Basking in fat, and Wealth, themselves they Bless
 In sweet Repose of *Sacred Idleness* :
 Thus Stretcht at length on downy Featherbeds,
 To chaunt their Matines ne're lift up their Heads,
 But before Dinner wak'd ; for they could smell
 The Kitchen Steams, though Deaf to th' Prayer-bell ;
 When Eyes and Ears Nights leaden Key composes,
 Kind Sleep yet open left their subtle Noses ;
 These alwaies *Eat in Person*, but did praise
 Their God *by Proxie*, in Harmonious Layes,
 Pawning the *Chanters*, and Poor Singing-boyes
 Condemn'd to those inferiour Drudgeries.

When *Discord* dappled o're with thousand Crimes,
 The Villanies of our Debauched times
 Quitting the humble Seat of Parish Churches,
 On a Magnificent *Cathedral* Perches,
 The hideous clang of her hate-bearing wing
 Peace trembled : whilst the Fiend arm'd with her Sting.

Allighting swift before the Pompous Pile
Of her proud Pallace, stood and paws'd a while.

Thence with observing eye, her Empire viewing,
Fomented Feuds and Warrs thereon ensuing,
Hatred, and variance, her self she blesses,
Applauds her Wit in these Atchiev'd successes;
From *Norwich* there, and *Bristol* Coaches, she
Legions of *Tories* dear, arriv'd might see,
And could her Vassals boast of all Degrees,
Citizens, Nobles, Clerks, Priests, Dignities;
But above all her Feats renown'd in stories,
In this she Prides her self, in this she Glories,
That Troops of *Barr-gowns* rang'd under her Banner
Had routed *Themes*, and now Triumph't on her;

And yet she saw, and rag'd, and Griev'd to see
One Church disturb this rare Felicity,
One Church to brave her triumphs; *one Alone*
Threaten to shake the firmness of her Throne,
That amidst all these *Herricanes* and *Scuffles*
No breath of Stormy Wind it's Quiet ruffles.

Needs must so Odious a sight as this
Awake her Rage, make all her Serpents hiss;
With *Stygian Aconite* her mouth she fills,
From glaring eyes she streams of Flame distills:

"What? (said she with a tone made windows Quiver,)
"Have I been able hitherto to Shiver
"The Union 'twixt *Cordeliers, Carmelites,*
"Dominicans, *Franciscans, Minorites,*
"Betwixt the *Molinists, the Celestines,*
"Jansenists, *Jesuites, and Augustines?*
"Have I by secret Arts, nourisht the *Stickle*
"Between the Church-men, and the *Contenticle?*
"And shall one *Paultry Chappel* dare to Brave me;
"Nay hope in time to it's nice Laws t' enslave me?"

And

“And am I *Discord* still? *who any more*
“*With Incense will my Sacred Shrines Adore?*”

Thus spake the Hagg! And in a trice unseen
Of an *Old Chanter* takes the shape and meen:
A corner'd Cap her Snake-wigg'd Head did cover,
Her rich Face sparkling Rubies studded over,
Her Nose, emboss'd with Carbuncles Divine
Before her steps did like a Flamboy shine;
Accoutred thus, with Red-coat Soldiers pace
Haughty she march't to find the *Prelates* Grace.

A Stately Bed, the Posts most richly Gilt,
Cover'd with Sumptuous Crimson Damask Quilt,
Enclos'd with Double Curtains, scorning light
Of mid-day Sun, and counterfeiting Night,
Stood close in an Appartment like a Cell
Where Sweet Repose and Silence chose to Dwell;
The Tester was all fac'd with Looking-Glafs,
The rare Invention of this Golden Age,
Contriv'd mysteriously that he might peep
And see how Blithe he lookt, when fast a-sleep.

Here lay the *Mitred Head!* in slumber drown'd,
Whilst gentle fumes his Dreaming Temples Crown'd;
A Sprightly Air adorns his Youthful Face,
His double Chin hangs down with goodly Grace;
The Claret shin'd through the transparent Skin,
A broad conjecture where he late had been;
And his Fat comely Corps, so thick and short
Made the Soft Pillows groan under his Port:
Here, in Sack-posset arm'd, without repining
He waits in patience the blest hour of Dining.

The Goddess entring, saw the Table spread,
And all within doors rarely ordered,
Then Softly marching to his lodging, took him
Profoundly napping, and thus she belpoke him.

“Sleep’st

"Sleep'st thou, *Great Prelate*? Sleep'st thou then *Supine*?
 "And to the *Chanter* mean'st thy *Place* *Resign*?
 "Whilst he sings *Oremus*, makes *Grave Processions*,
 "And hurls about by whole-sale *Vows* and *Blessings*?
 "Sleep'st thou securely, till the *Chanter* come,
 "And without *Bull*, or *Brief* procur'd from *Rome*,
 "Whilst thou'rt wrapt up in sloath, and free from *Fears*,
 "*Rotchet* and *Surplice* shall pluck o're thy *Ears*?
 "Sluggard, awake, arise, bestir thee quick,
 "Renounce thy *Ease*, or quit thy *Bishoprick*!

She spoke; and from her Poysonous Mouth did fling
 Into his Soul the *Zeal of Quarrelling*.

The *Dean* awakes; The choler in his breast
 Fermented boils; yet he the *Fury* Blest!

Have you not seen a *Bull* by *Gad-fly* stung,
 When his tormented pride flown'd, kick't, and flung?
 The vexed *Air*, with *Ecchoes* frighted rings!
 Whilst he exhales his *Rage* in *Bellowings*!
 So storm'd the *Prelate*, with his *Dream* o're-heated,
 Poor *Page*, and *Chambermaid* were rudely treated;
 His mettle mov'd with conceiv'd *Indignation*,
 Needs will he go to'th' *Quire* before *Collation*.

When *Prudent Gilotin* his *Almoner*
 With grave *Advice* stept into stint the *Stir*;
 Shews him the *Danger* of that *Rash Design*,
 How mad to go to *Prayers*, before he *Dine*;
 "What *Rage* (quoth he) is this? what head-strong *crotchet*?
 "Pray Sir, regard the *Honour* of your *Rotchet*!
 "He that for *Chappel* lets warm *Dinner* cool,
 "May think himself *Devout*, Ple think him *Fool*!
 "Does our *Church* consecrate *Prelates* to *Pray*?
 "For shame, this *Zeal* unseasonable allay!
 "Shall all your *Learning* e're make me believe,
 "That this is *Lent*, or any *Saints* *dayes* *Eve*?

These

“Then Reassume your self, forbear to Doat,
 “Meat heated twice, is not worth half a Groat!

Thus reason'd *Gilotin*, and very loath
 T' adjourn a Meal, bad 'em serve in the broath.
 The *Prelate* stood a while in deep suspence,
 He ey'd the *Soupe* with *Holy Reverence*;
 O'recome at last with Reason and good Nature
 He yields, and sits him down to *tast the Creature*:
 'Yet inward Rage did all the while provoke him,
 Twas fear'd each Morsel would go near to choke him;
Gilotin saw't, and sigh'd! in Zeal he rises
 T' acquaint his party with these Enterprises;
 Tells them with Grief of Heart, what rude Affronters
 Of Lawn-sleev'd Grandeur were these Sawcy *Chanters*;
 Protests they'd vex't his *Lordship* so that day
 His Meat went down like *Orts*, or *old chopt Hay*!
 Nay I may safely say't without Presumption,
 This Course must bring him int' a Deep Consumption!

Now might you see whole troops of *Chanons*, all
 To *Rendevouz* in the great Pallace-hall!
 So have you seen perhaps Legions of *Cranes*,
 Marching on Wing o're *Strymons* Spacious plains,
 When the proud *Pygmies*, must'ring their warlike Nation
 Design against them an Unjust Invasion!

Surpriz'd at sight of this great friendly Rabble,
 The Sweetned Prelate rises from the Table;
 Nodding he Touch't his Hat, to keep *Decorum*;
 Nor seem'd to *flight*, nor basely to *Adore 'um*!
 His face no longer shone with Orient Flame,
 But pleas'd, recalls the good *Wesphalia Ham*;
 Then takes himself a lusty Beer-bowl brimmer
 Of *Racy Claret*, and Commends a Swimmer
 To the good Company; they with joint consent
 Follow the *Prelates gracious Precedent*;

And, whilst their circling *Healts* and *Heads* go round,
Arnold and all his little *Whigs*, Confound !

With *Nectar*, killing-thirst they will allay ;
 The *Voider* comes, the *Cloath* is ta'ne away,
 The *Prelate* then with words expressing Grief,
 Unto his *Confidants* declaims in brief !

“ My *brave Confederates*, in all *Intrigues*,
 “ Propping my *Interest* with your holy *Leagues*,
 “ VVhose *Votes Unanimous* once made me *Dean*,
 “ What boots this *Meagre Title* ? Honour *Lean* ?
 “ My *Name* but mention'd ; Ay, and scarcely that,
 “ Unless perhaps at the *Magnificat* ;
 “ How can you bear to see this *Rascal Nose* me,
 “ And his *Combined mates* thus dare t'oppose me ?
 “ Invading all my *Rights* and *Priviledges*,
 “ My *Compeer* th' *Impudent*, himself *Alledges*.
 “ Thus leaping o're all bounds of *Law* and *Reason*,
 “ I think t'*Indite the Rebel of High Treason* ;
 “ For I have by me, or at least can get
 “ Such *VVitnesses*, be sure shall do the feat !
 “ This very *Morn* ('tis no fond tale I tell thee,
 “ A *Goddeſs* in a *Dream* shew'd what befell me)
 “ This *Insolent Upstart* e're I was *Dressing*
 “ Stept up into my *Throne*, and gave the *Blessing* ;
 “ And now to cut my *Throat*, the last of *Harms*,
 “ The *Villain* would usurp my proper *Arms*.——

More would he fain have said, but briny tears
 Mixt with redoubled sighs and inward fears,
 Did intercept his speech, cut short his Story,
 And spoil'd the Tenor of his Oratory.

But *Zealous Gilotin*, who condol'd his Merits,
 Had one *Device* yet left to cheer his Spirits :
 For marking how the *Prelates* speech did vary,
 He calls for a brisk *Glass* of old *Canary*.

Mean time came *Sisrac* in, whom Age made slow.
 Limping upon his crutch, the News to know ;
 Full fourscore years, this *Dotard* in the *Quire*
 Had practis'd ; all the Customs of his Sire,
 All Ancient usages he could Describe,
 For he was *Dad* of all the singing Tribe ;
 Him time preferr'd, when waving many another,
 From poor *Church-warden* to a *Vestry-brother* ;
 He by the *Prelates* pale and fading colour
 Had quickly ghes't the nature of his dolour,
 And sweetly smiling, he Addresses thus :

“ And why, *my Lord* ! so Pusillanimous ?
 “ Leave to the *Chanter* fruitless moans and tears,
 “ Attend the wisdom of now fourscore years,
 “ Enricht with large experience of affairs ;
 “ If of thy wrongs thou hopest for Repairs,
 “ Then lend thy Ear attentive, *Sir*, be wise,
 “ And put in practise what the Heavens Advise !
 “ At th' end o'th' *Quire* where now the *Haughty Knaue*
 “ Enthron'd in borrowed lustre dares to Brave
 “ Thy *Soveraignty*, upon that Iron Grate
 “ Stood once a *Pulpit* square of Ancient date,
 “ Behind this *Machine*, cover'd as with a skreen,
 “ The Sneaking *Chanter* scarce could then be seen ;
 “ Whil'st on the opposite Seat, our *Dean* did shine
 “ In Humane eyes with Majesty Divine ;
 “ How't came about I know not, but some Devil
 “ I do conclude the Author of this Evil ;
 “ Whether some envious hand had pluckt it down
 “ By Night ; or Time, or rigid Fate had thrown
 “ The Structure from it's Base, yet this is true,
 “ One morn we found i'th Floor the *Sacred Pew* !
 “ The *Chanter* I suppose might Plot with *Heaven* ;
 “ Be't so ! we may with *both* in time be Even :

"But down it came, and for the better Grace,
 "That Holy things might rest in Holy Place,
 "We lodg'd it in *the Vestry* straight, and there
 "'T has lyen despis'd in dust, these thirty year
 "Fighting with Worms and Spiders, who therein
 "Their curious Webbs do weave, and fine thred Spin;
 "And thirty more might lie, *for use of Preaching*,
 "Yet 'tis a *Tool* for this *Rogues* over-reaching.
 "Now mark me *Sir*! no sooner shall the Night
 "His sable Wings spread ore the vanquisht Light,
 "But three out of our Number, without Ryot,
 "Will Slip into the *Church*, while all is quiet,
 "And under Covert of the darkness Strive
 "Once more the Ruinous *Pulpit's Mass* Revive:
 "And if next day the Chanter dares o'rethrow it,
 "By twenty Actions thou shalt make him know it,
 "*What 'tis to rouse a sleeping Prelate*! This
 "The Proper Glory of a Prelate is,
 "To Vindicate against Malignant People
 "The *Jus Divinum* of his Ancient Steeple;
 "To rescue from base Sacrilegious hands
 "His Tithes, his Offerings, Perquisites, and Lands;
 "This makes him Glorious to the present Age,
 "This future Immortality Prefage:
 "What, wilt confine thy Glories to a Quire?
 "To Preach and Pray did Heaven award thy Hire?
 "Such Virtues might Adorn the dayes of Yore,
 "When *Prelates* only Humble, Pious, Poor,
 "Boasted in empty Epithetes; new Times
 "Require new Manners, suited to our Crimes;
 "Let Church-men now frequent the Barr and Plead,
 "And *Cook* and *Littleton*, not *Fathers* read;
 "The Law, the *Law's* thy work! then shall the Croud
 "Pressing thy Throne, with Prayers implore aloud

Thy

‘Thy Benedictions, which thou may’st Dispense
 “By dozens, scores, and Hundreds, and from thence
 “To his Regrett, the fretting envious Elf
 “Shall see thee thousands Bles’d; and *hang himself!*

To see the Mighty Power of *Eloquence*,
 How little short ’tis of *Omnipotence!*
Sidrac’s discourse had charm’d their Ears and Heart,
 And Planet-strook the *Dean* stood for his part;
 Now on the Place before a foot they stirr,
 The Lot must tell whom Destinies prefer
 To this important service; All pretend
 Both Zeal, and Fitness for this Noble end;
 The *Prelate* then stroaking his Milk-white Beard
 With Wisdom spoke, with Reverence was Heard:

The Lot, my Masters! I ordain your Lav;

From Urn Impartial each his Fortune draw:

’Twas said, ’twas done; Now all leave off their Quibbling,
 Each Mothers Son betakes himself to Scribbling;
 Full thirty Names at least, in Tickets rolled
 Were reckon’d; And that none might be cajolled,
William, a Novice ’mongst the singing boyes
 (Who serv’d in time of Need to make a Noise,)
 Must draw the Lots; And now from fatal Bonnet
 Each man abides his Doom, what e’r comes on it.

Thrice had the *Dean* with hands lift up to Heaven
 Unto this Pious Work the Blessing given;
 His holy Hand thrice shakes the fatal Cap,
And happy man be’s Dole who has the Hap!
 Now *William* trembling to the Work Addresses,
 Him too the bounteous *Dean* All-to-be-Blesses;
 The Boy was newly shorn, of ruddy Hew,
 But when he came to’t, the poor Lad look’t Blew;
 And now he draws! first *Brontin’s* Name appears,
 Thrice happy Name to cure the *Prelates* fears!

For what less could that *Thundring Name* preface,
Than that he'd prove *The Terror of the Age*?

All's hush'd again; and for the second turn
The boy advanc'd his shaking hand to th' Urn;
When the kind fates gave out th' Auspicious Name
Of *John the Clockmaker*: A Cock oth' Game,
This *John* had been, but now a jolly fellow
Had yok'd himself to *Nan*, his dear Bed-fellow;
This happy pair, (say they) before their Marriage
Had guilty been of some unhandsome carriage,
But after three years stealing secret pleasure
The Priest had joyn'd their hands, *at least*, together.

A third remains; The *Prelate* takes the Urn,
And to play fair gives it a double turn:
Their fligg'ring Souls do now on Tiptoes stand,
Twixt fears and hopes for the deciding hand;
How blithe wast thou, how Buxome, and how chicket,
When once thy Name proclaimed by the Ticket,
Past all the fear of Contingent Disaster,
Appear'd before the face of thy great Master,
Beirude (I mean) the Sexton? Some do say,
Thy livid Front e're while as pale as Clay,
Glow'd into Sanguine; and thy Rosy Hew
Did the Wan Sallow of thy Hide Subdue!
Thy Gouty Legs and Toes benumm'd before,
Ventur'd to cut three Capers on the Floor!

Now might you hear the Crowd at chearful Rates
Applaud the Justice of the Gentle Fates,
Who by their peremptory strict commands
Dispos'd the work into such able Hands;
Faith with the Court Dissolves, all satisf'd,
And to their Quarters in great Triumph hy'd.

The *Dean* alone, to cool his Zeal enraged,
Slumber'd till a soft Supper might assuage it!

C A N T O. I I.

The ARGUMENT.

*Forsaken Nancy in this Canto,
Brings 'gainst her John a Quo Warranto,
'Cause he had left her in the Lurch,
To rear a Pulpit in the Church :
And under colour of Religion
Courtèd another pretty Pigeon.
Now you must know that all the Blame
Was laid upon the Baggage Fame ;
Who rais'd between them the sad Squabble,
By forging of this Idle Fable !
Next you shall see in Sluggish Dress,
That Gallant Lady Idlenèss ;
Who has more Suitors waiting on her,
Than the most virtuous Maid of Honour ;
But here I almost had forgot
To own the Error of our Plot,
The Poet laid his Scene in France,
But I can't tell by what Mischance,*

He

*He now and then dares venture over,
And steps as far as Deal or Dover.*

MEan while a *Hagg*, made up of Mouths and Ears,
Who prates both what, and more than what she hears,
The Moderns call her *Fame*: This crafty Jade
Of Slandring drives an unknown subtle trade ;
For she had got the Faculty to Brew
With dubious, Certain ; and with false, things true ;
And with such Art she her Ingredients mixed,
That where she pleas'd A Calumny she fixed ;
This Baggage once in her mad Moods and Tenses
Had *Lombard* read, the Master o'th' Sentences ;
Thence she had learn'd to spread a Lie Malicious,
And then to serve a Turn, us'd the Officious ;
When her light business call'd her to the Court
Us'd the Jocosé, and lewdly ly'd in sport ;
Her trade she practis'd first in private Letters,
Bespatter'd there, and vilifi'd her Betters :
In Coffee-houses then she grew a Prater,
Broke off all Trades, she sets up *Observer*.

A Justice once clapt her i'th' Stocks and stript her,
Then by a tough-back't Knave severely Whipt her ;
Not warn'd, the Brazen-face would out be flying
Against the State with her Opprobrious Lying ;
Jockey for Leasing put her to the Horning,
In *England* she was Pillory'd for Suborning ;
A thousand pounds for False News she was fined ;
And till she paid the fine to Gaol Confined :
Venturing at last on *Scandalum Magnatum*,
Two Thousand more ; yet still the Jade did rate 'um :
Thus did the Gypsies flutter up and down
Through City, Country, Village, and good Town ;

Once

Once at a Barbers Shop she took a Lodging,
 But fickle in her Humour soon was trudging
 To th' *Cross-keys*, *Gun*, and *Ship*: still her Head Quarters
 Where e're she roam'd by day, was the Crack-larters!
 Forging, and telling Stories, with swift Wings
 This tale at last to Jealous *Nancy* brings:
 She tells (her tale I'm sure, lost nought i'th' telling,)
 How *Johns* misguided zeal, 'gainst Vows rebelling,
 Under a quaint pretence to set upright
 A Pew (forsooth!) intends to watch that Night;
 But the perfidious wretch, intends (sayes fame)
 To Gratifie another kind of Flame!
 For tyr'd with Lawful Love, and honest Kisses,
 He elsewhere payes the Tribute of Caresses
 Due to his Spouse alone: Easie Belief
 Receiv'd the News with Terrour mixt with Grief!

With finger in Eye, and Hair about her Shoulders,
 Poor *Nan* runs out; thought Mad by the beholders,
 Nor caring much whether she wrong or right him,
 In this rude language straight begins *Indite* him.

Dissembling Traitor! could not Faith once plighted,
 Nor those Embraces wherein we delighted,
 Nor thy Poor Wench ready to run a Madding,
 Cool thy hot Cod-piece, but thou must be Gadding?
 Perfidious Wretch! didst thou sit up to make
 A Clock or Watch, some Comfort I might take;
 And hope of Lawful gain might slake my Anguish,
 Whilst in thy Absence, I, poor I did Languish:
 But what wild Phrenzie? what capricious Folly?
 What Whimsey? what Religious Melancholly?
 What strange Conundrum's got into thy Head,
 To leave for Rotten Pulpit thy sweet Bed?
 Ah! whether goest my *John*? dost Fly thy *Nancy*?
 Can our delightful Nights forsake thy Fancy?

What! can'st with dry Eyes view my tears still Dropping?
 See how the Stupid Block stands mute, and moping!
 If my soft Heart casie to thy Desires
 Hath alwayes met with Equal Flames thy fires;
 And if to gratifie thy Itch, (my Honey,)
 I stood not on th' nice points of Matrimony;
 If in my Arms, thou, thou hast had sole part,
 Speak not that wounding, killing word, *Depart*.

Thus spoke our Lover whining, plain and round,
 And clos'd her speech with an half-dying swoon;
 Upon a Pallet backwards down she fell,
 Fortune had plac'd the Couch exceeding well;
 'Twenty to one she else had broke her Rump,
 Up starts amazed *John*, bestirs his Stump,
 'Twixt Zeal and Love, his heart stood long divided,
 Till Zeal at last the Question decided;
 And thus his smother'd passion got vent,
 Smoothing with kind words o're his wild Intent.

Dear Spouse, (said he with voice unkindly kind)
 Shall e're thy favours slide out of my mind?
 The *Rhine* shall first his streams mix with the *Loire*,
 Ere I forget the fence of my Devoire;
 Nay first shall *France* keep Faith and Oath with *Spain*,
 Ere I thy love-sick Agonies disdain:
 But never Dream, that when I gave my Troth,
 I would become a Slave unto my Oath;
 Our Nation knows no such nice Obligation,
 The Ancient Faith's now quite worn out of fashion;
 Had the Fates trusted me with mine own Lot,
 I ne're had rashly knit the VVedlock Knot;
 But from those subtle Rites had still been free
 To tast the fruit of the forbidden Tree;
 But since that matters in this posture stand,
 Grudge not my Glory, if I lend a hand

To this bless'd work, the Height of my desire,
To Raise the Pulpit in the sacred Quire.
Compose these passions struggling in thy Breast,
Dry up those Tears! Come Sweet! Lye down and rest!

He said; but what, the Wench regarded not,
E're half was done, the first she had forgot;
With hollow Cheeks, and staring Eyes she view'd him,
Trembling she lay, and in her heart beshrew'd him;
Long silent, stifled thoughts with pain at last
Broke prison, Raging then she Rail'd as fast.

No, no, Base Varlet! Thy Sire ne're was Baker,
Nor cam'st thou of the blood of a Clock-maker!
Thy Mother never rode in Hackney Coach,
A Bastard-brat rather of some Turn-broch,
Or *Caucasus* did form thee, of a Pebble,
Or some fell Tigress nurs'd thee with her nibble;
Sure with her Milk thou drew'st in Feritie,
Other I'll ne're believe until I Die:
For to what end should I the Rascal flatter?
Let me sob, roar, or swoon, 'tis all a matter
To marble-hearted *John*; and all I gain
Is to draw on fresh injuries again!
A Pew! what Mortal throat can ever gulp it,
Thus to compare me with a Rotten Pulpit!
Has all my scolding squeez'd from's Eyes one Tear?
Has he express't the least Remorse for's Dear?
When he came hither first, this paltrey Jack
Had scarce a Shooe to's foot, a Rag to's back;
Nay I can safely swear't, because I know't,
The Villain was not worth a single Groat;
I like a Fool took him to Bed and Board,
And now the Rascal swaggers like a Lord:
But why thus Raving do I beat a Rock,
Only to purchase foam? Base Spirits mock

Abject complaints ; Humble Petitionings,
Are still contemn'd, but in the breasts of Kings.

Then study brave Revenge, despised Love,
Nor shall Repentance e're my Pity move ;
And when thy Ears shall hear my Passing-bell,
Then, then expect Another kind of Knell ;
My Angry Ghost shall haunt thy Conscious Soul,
I'll Ring thee such a Peal, shall make thee Howl ;
Hobgoblins shall thy house turn topsy-turvey,
Conscience shall then upbraid thee, what a Scurvey
Knave thou hast been to thy Deserted Wife,
And make thee Pulpits Curse, whil'st thou hast Life !
Nay, I'll pursue thee to the *Stygian* Lake,
And ugly Ballads, Boyes of thee shall make.

This said, she dropt backwards upon her breech,
For raging sorrow quite had stopt her speech ;
The noise awaken'd *Assè* her trusty Maid,
Who Hobbling soon came in unto her Aid.

Now Darkness had exil'd th' expiring Day,
Supper to Service had given leave to play ;
The fudling Chanters now in Clubs were got,
Wetting their Whistles with the good Ale-pot.

Brontin, whom Zeal for th' service had made quicker,
Bethought himself, A Punch of Nappy Liquor
In a Cold Winters Night was no false Latine,
To qualifie Devotion for the Matine ;
This Cargo, *Gilotin's* deep providence
Laid in ; he was (say truth) A man of sence,
The sinell o'th' Bottle made him easly lugg
The grateful Cumber of the Double Jugg ;
Thustrudg'd he nimble : Whom should he stumble next on,
But that tough stick of Wood, *Boirude* the Sexton ?
Now both together warm'd with Zeal were hasting
To meet the Clock-maker, for Time was wasting :

Come !

Come! come away! (cry'd they) with quick devotion,
 The Sun's now gone to tippie in the Ocean!
 The Murky Night which veils the Evenings bravery,
 Will make a handsome Cloak to hide our Knavery;
 What ails thee Man? where hast of late been mew'd up?
 Thou look'st as if first eaten, and then spew'd up:
 Where is that morning Zeal, that with thee rose?
 Cheer up, and pluck thy Heart out of thy Holè!
 Come, fear no Colours! The end the Act will hallow!
 Then whether Honour calls thee, bravely follow.

The Clock-maker knew not well how to take it,
 Nor whether Jest or Earnest he should make it,
 Half Pale, half Red he look't with motley passion,
 For Shame and Rage had dy'd him in that fashion;
 Yet, on my word the Knave had wit in's Anger,
 And wisely took along his rusty Hanger;
 For he resoly'd at a Dead pinch to knock it,
 And scorn'd to stand, and sneak with hands in Pocket:
 Nails he a handful took, and on his shoulders
 A Massie Beetle, frighted the beholders;
 An Axe, a Saw, a Hammer, and a Mallet
 The sturdy knave had trufs'd in Leathern Wallet;
 They march accoutred in Warlike Parade,
 And *John* appears at th' Head of the Brigade;
 The silent Moon, viewing their stately Port,
 Withdrew her Beams, she might not spoil the sport.

Discord saw all, and set up a loud Laughter,
 Th' Eccho rebounds and shook Heavens hollow Rafter;
 The Noise had almost waken'd Idleness
 As she at Court with Ease held sweet Carefs,
 The frisking Pleasures danced by her side,
 The Nuns her Votaries, her Deify'd;
 One, in a Corner Stufft the Prebends hides,
 One, pleasantly the Chanons robes Derides;

Luxury to her State devoutly bows,
 And Sleep drop't Poppy-water on her Brows.
 This Even the sleepy Dose they had redoubled,
 In vain ! for Discord's cries her sleep had troubled !
 And envious Night conspiring with that Devil,
 Buzz'd in her Drowsy Ears the Tragick Evil ;
 Night tells her how the Prelate did design
 To make Disturbance in the Sacred Shrine ;
 How she had seen three Mortal Foes to Quiet,
 March in *Battalia* ; and Three will make a Ryot :
 How Discord threatned, to augment the fray,
 A Pulpit to erect by Break of Day ;
 Which would the people raise in Mutinies,
 Thus, thus the Fates had written in the Skies !

At this Report, portending deadly Harm,
Idleness rais'd her self up on one Arm,
 One Languid Eye she opes, and with weak Voice
 Drop't these soft whispers ; fearing her own Noise.

Ah Night ! sad tale thou tell'st ! what envious Fiend,
 With new Combustions doth my Quiet rend ?
 Ah ! what's become of those thrice blessed Dayes,
 When Idle Princes crown'd with wither'd Bayes
 Slept on their Thrones, and tamely worshipt me,
 Leaving their Scepters to a Deputy ?
 All Night the Court did Feast, and slept all Day,
 Creeping abroad perhaps when verdant *May*
 With Gentle breathing *Zephyrs* sweet approaches
 Call'd them to th' Park, drawn in six Horse-and-Coaches.
 That happy Age is fled ; for now a Prince
 Has got the Throne, and banisht me long since ;
 Scorning my Pleasures : to my melting Charms
 He stops his Ears with Thundring Drums Alarms :
 And breaks my pleasing Dreams with Trumpets Sound,
 Nor Summers Heat, nor Winters Frost confound

His

His Daring projects; warlike preparations,
 Resolv'd to Attack the VWorld with fresh Invasions!
 Nay all my Subjects ripe for Insurrection
 Imbibe with eagerness the Dire Infection.
 'Twice had I hop'd with flatt'ring Peace to cool
 His Martial Ardor; 'twice to shut the School
 Of *Janus*: All in Vain! except I find
 More VWorlds to satiate his Ambitious Mind!
 'Twould tire my feeble feet to trace the way
 VWhere the hard Stages of his Valour lay;
 But yet I pleas'd my self with hopes to meet
 For my disturbed Soul some safe Retreat:
 I fancied that A Church might ease afford,
 VWhere Church-men sleep in Bed, and wake at Board;
 But Oh! these Chanters, Chanons make a Pother,
 A Dog can't rest, whil'st one worries another:
 And which provokes me most to Indignation,
 The whole world's set a gog on Reformation.
 VWhat Holy Mother Church, Imposing faith,
 This Age receives not with Implicit Faith;
 Nay Blind Obedience now is styl'd *A Vice*,
 Sawcy Dissenters will be counted wise;
 Men now Plead Conscience, make a heavy Din
 VWith Heaven and Hell; of Duty prate, and Sin:
 These empty Names have set the World on fire!
 Now e're they swallow, they will first enquire;
 They I see a Reason given for Church Commands,
 And use their Eyes, e're they bestir their Hands.

Who can Remember, and not sadly grieve,
 Those easie days when on the Prelates sleeve
 The supple Laity had pinn'd their Soul,
 Nor Private durst the Publick Faith Controll;
 When Canons, Conscience; Rubrick, Reason mated,
 And Souls had learn't to bow, and ne're debate it?

Then

Then *Masse's*, *Ave's*, *Credo's* Glory earned,
Blind Vor'ries then could reach it unconcerned !

But now the Begging Fryars are all for travel,
They exercise their Toes in Dust and Gravel ;
The preaching Friars such a coil do keep,
My aking head can get no wink of Sleep !
Yet my *Cistercians* did a little bless
My hopes, in Cloisters pamp'ring Idleness,
When a Mischievous Pulpits Curst intent
Threatens to force me thence to Banishment !

Ah Night ! the Dear Associate of my Sleep,
VVilt with these Villains Correspondence keep ?
Ah Night ! Sweet Night ! If e're thou didst Essay
VVith me the Joyes concealed from the Day,
Then suffer not—— Much more she would have spoke,
Had not a Qualm crept o're her heart, and broke
The Languid purpose : Down she sank in Bed,
Sigh'd, stretch'd her Arms, clos'd Eyes, and Slumbered !

C A N T O I I I .

The A R G U M E N T .

*An Owl instructed by the Night,
 Cunningly counterfeits A Sprite :
 In Pulpit close she lies Perdue,
 And terrifies the Prelates Crew !
 They Routed fly with heavy Clatter,
 The Canto tells you, what's the matter ;
 But Discord to Retrieve the sport
 Rallies them soon in Warlike sort :
 All Oppositions overpast,
 They set the Pulpit up at last :
 But fear not lest the Prelate Preacht in't ;
 Alas he has a further reach in't !
 To spight his Foes, yet for all's Feating,
 The proof of th' Pudding's seen i'th' eating.*

BUt Night in hast with her Dark Canopy,
 Shrowding the viny Plains of *Burgundy*,
 Flew back to th' City ; and as suddenly
 Wheel'd round to view the Towers of *Montheri* ;
 Those walls, whose towering Summits mate the skies,
 Built on a Rock which Duskie Clouds disguise.

D

And

And objects representing seen from far,
 That they did move perswade the Passenger.
 Here ominous Birds, here Ravens foreboding fate,
 In ruinous Chinks do roost, and keep their state ;
 Here thirty Winters mur'd in obscure Cell
 An Owl secure from hatefull Light did dwell :
 This trusty Messenger of Dire mishap
 Has the first News of Ill dropt in her lap ;
 And alwayes ready to proclaim sad Tiding
 Waits in these Deserts, Nights approach abiding :
 At whose return her Accents rend the Skies,
 And fright the Vicinage with black Destinies ;
 Complaining *Progne* answers to her Tones,
 And mourning *Philomel* renews her Groans.
 To whom Night thus : Come, follow me ! The Bird
 Obey'd, when first her Mistress voice she heard :

With flight Precipitant, the Pair, out spring
 And reach the Town high sayling on the Wing,
 Then waisting at one Reach, they proudly Pearch
 On highest Pinnacle of the fatal Church !

Night curst her Eyes to see the Camrades march,
 For now All three had reacht the Porches Arch ;
 She saw the Clock-maker, with faithful fingers
 A glass of smiling Wine hold, glad, nor lingers :
 Here Trusty Mates, A health I here Begin,
 They pledg'd him, to their Patron *Gilotin* :
 Oh see (says Night) these Rogues sing Huzza ! proud
 Of sure success, under my favouring Shroud ;
 But come ! the Traitors soon shall feel our Might,
 If I at least be justly styled Night !

This said, she leads into the Sacred Vault,
 Into the Vestry flies, there makes an Alt,
 And in the Concave of the fatal Pew,
 Orders Madge Howlet there to lie Perdue !

Mean while, our three great Champions flown with Wine,
And Wines effects, Audacity; with Design
To push their Project on, without regard
To Danger near, had pass'd the Pallace-yard,
Embolden'd with success, still on they go
And mount the Stairs, leading to th' Portico,
Here a Bookseller in his back-shop slept,
And under double Padlock safely kept
Rogero's worthy Works! and he may still
Keep 'em entire, for sure no other will.

Now wary *Boirude*, fearing Danger nigh
Stops his rash Friends in heat of Zeal; to try
How they might light a Candle: from his Pocket
He takes his Marchasite, begins to knock it
With hardned Steel, out springs an Active spark,
The hope of Light in the Despair of Dark;
The spark in Tinder cherisht, toucht with Metch
In Sulphur dip't, kindles with quick dispatch
The Torch; which like a Comet blazing bright
Supplies the Office of *Don Phœbus* Light.
Boirude the Sexton, kept the Church-dore Key,
And if he entrance got, then why not they?
With equal pace the Temples Nave they measure!
Into the Vestry came: Here lies the Treasure!
Here prostrate they behold the Pulpit's frame,
And with due Reverence adore the same!
The Gloomy shades of that Religious place
Horror begat, the Bigot Church-man's Grace,
Horror awakes Devotion; they pray!
And dread those Deities they Scorn'd by day.

When thus the Clock-maker: Why stare ye thus,
My Masters, A-la-mort? time's precious!
Why stand we trembling, trifling, shall I, shall I?
Our work's before us, let's no longer dally!

The Pulpit must be rais'd, that by to morrow
 Our Dean may see't with Joy, his Foes with Sorrow !
 So said, he laid his bones to't ; and did strain
 To roll it o're, with all his Might, and Main ;
 He scarce had mov'd it, O portentous wonder !
 When from its hollow womb a Voice did Thunder ;
Brontin starts back ! The Sexton lookt like Dead !
John with his Dear, twice wisht himself in Bed !
 But on their purpose obstinately bent,
 They roll it o're, true Zeal will ne're relent !
 Out flies the broad-fac'd Chorister of the Night,
 And with her ruffling wings strikes out the Light :
 This struck their Souls with horrible Confusion,
 Amaz'd they stand, they doubt ; but in conclusion,
 As soon as Fear lent them the use of Feet
 Away they trudge, fill'd with shame and Regret ;
 The Nave they soon recover ; whil't their hair
 Stands bristling on their heads, dissolving fear
 Makes their Knees quiver underneath their Bodies,
 And there they sneaking stand like baffled Noddies,
 Sheltred by the same Darknes brought them thither,
 The Squadron flies at last, they knew not whither.

So when a Jolly Crew of Truants gather
 Into some Nook, to play their pranks together,
 Secure of Eyes from Monitor and Master,
 They burn the day in game, and sport the faster ;
 If now by chance, the Tyrants Eye doth watch 'em,
 And unawares at Cards or Dice he catch 'em ;
 The sad surprize, their Mirth and Pastime dashes,
 And each shifts for himself to scape his lishes.
 Such was our Warriours plight when once the Owl
 Sprung from the Pew, set up her Doleful howl.

Discord, who saw unseen their fowl disgrace,
 Clapping her wings, pity'd their woful case :

Their

Their Spirits quail'd, their Courages abated ;
Rallies in haſt the Troop diſanimated.

Of *Sidrac*, ſhe th' Audacious Viſage borrow'd,
His front ſhe ſmooth'd into a ſmile ; but furrow'd
His face with wrinkles deep ; A Truncheon ſtrong
Confirms his ſtaggering ſteps ; thus ſtalks along
The Marble Pavement ; guided by a Torch,
Finds out the ſkulking Cowards near the Porch ;
Then with a ſqueaking Voice ſpoke fourſcore years,
Awakes their mettle, diſſipates their Fears.

Raſcals ! where are you ? what Pannick Dread does rout you ?
Run from one paultry Owl ? ne're look about you !
Where are thoſe boſts which late breath'd nought but Thun-
Fie ! ſhall a harmleſs Bird diſperſe y' aſunder ? (der ?
How would you ſneak, vile Souls, if at the Barr,
My daily ſport, you met with horrid Warr ?
How would you ſtand a tedious *Chanc'ry* Hearing,
If poor Hobhowchin puts you in this fearing ?
How would your hearts miſgive to bide a Triall,
No Friend at Hand, nor in your Purſe a Ryall ?
Believe me (Cowards !) I, with Gracc be't ſpoken,
Simply thô I ſtand here, have foil'd and broken
A Chapter, with her Chanons, Prebends, Dean ;
Nor was my Soul ſo Abjeſt, Baſe, ſo Mean,
But I durſt look the Proſtors in their faces,
And ſcorn their proudeſt braves, their ſtern Menaces !
I have purſu'd 'em all, Aſham'd, confuted,
'Tis Perſecutors, cry'd out, Perſecuted !
Ali this I did, and ten times more in ſooth,
With the ſole Breſt-plate arm'd of *Naked Truth* !
The Church of old was mann'd with Gallant Spirits,
A Novice then conſiding in the Merits
Of the ſam'd Good Old Cauſe, dar'd to Defend it
In formâ Pauperis, and make 'em end it !

But

But this Decrepid Age to Sloath inclines,
Nor brings forth now such Puissant Divines !

Thus far howe're their Virtues imitate,
Let not an Owl your Courages abate :
Think what a Blot it draws upon your Glory,
How it does stain the lustre of your story :
If once the Chaunter learns your base Defeat,
Your flight Ignoble, and your vile Retreat,
Where e're he meets you, hee'l thus flee and flout you ;
Heark, the Owl cries ! brave Souldiers look about you !
Then will your conscious guilt with shame upbraid you,
You'l curse your slavish fears that Cowards made you !
Then reinforce your Spirits, by preventing
Th' Affronts, which will be bitter in resenting :
Remember, Sirs, whose Cause your hands engages,
First win, then bravely wear his Lawrel wages :
Recall your wonted worth, new frights forgetting ;
'Tis *Tork-shire* Cloath, you know, that shrinks i'th' wetting !

But I perceive success my speech doth follow,
Then march, run, fly (brave Boys !) where dangers call you !
That our Great Mitred Prince, may see his Engines
Before th' Affront be spread, taking due Vengeance.

This spoke, the Fiend disguis'd in flash of Fire
Vanisht, with fresh rage did their hearts inspire.

Just so it was, Great *Conde* ! at that battle
When thy brave Arms made *Rhine* and *Sheld* to rattle,
Thy wings, and Battle on *Leus* spacious Border
Inclin'd to rout, and lean'd to foul disorder,
Thy Valour firm'd the wavering Troops that day,
And spirited their Files with fresh array !
Inspir'd new Hearts, and gave 'em all New Hands,
Till vanquisht Victory follow'd thy Commands !

Thus in a moment Rage succeeded Fear,
And clouded courage once again shone clear !

They

They countermarch ! The Owl Retreats quite routed,
And now they scorn her, whom so late they doubted.

Not unreveng'd ! for as she flew, she muted
In *Boirude's* gaping mouth, triumph'd and hooted ;
Rascally Bird, (said he) All Face and Feather !
The Shame of Day ; the Boder of Ill Weather !
Dar'st thou presume (profane !) to spice i'th' Quire ?
And make the Pulpit A Sir-Reverence higher ?
And Scot-free this ! No, no, I'm not in sport ;
I'll trounce and bounce thee for't i'th' Spiritual Court ;
Where Doctors, Proctors, Paritors together
Shann't leave upon thy Naked back one Feather ;
I'll make thee then for all thy Hooting, sneak
Like her that scap'd the Devils Arse i'th' Peak :

But talk's but talk ! Come Boyes, let's fall to action !
The Owl is flown ! the last o'th' Chanters faction !

The Pulpit now is heav'd into the Quire,
And on the Chanter's Seat advanced higher,
Her Rotten ledge repair'd ; her Joints that gaped
With Planes united ; all was comely shaped !

The Wainscott eccho's to the labring hammer,
The Roof back to the Walls resounds the Clamor ;
The Organ-pipes provok'd with this rude Rumbling,
Struck up a Base, and gravely fell a grumbling !

Now Chanter ! black's thy Day, thou little thinkest
What work's a brewing ; Sleep in Boles thou drinkest,
On both ears ; snoring after late Debauches,
Nor dream'st what mischief now thy Head approaches :
Secure thou ly'st unarm'd, unwarn'd of Harms,
Hugging thy Dainty Doxy in thy Arms !

O that some friendly Ghost, in Nightly Vision
Would timously reveal thy sad condition !

Now ! now they heave ! the hateful Pulpit rearing !
'Twould strike thee dead, wer't thou within the Hearing ;
Alas !

Alas ! above thy Seat, the Machine glories
 To have surmounted thee five lofty stories ;
 The Sexton at three strokes, makes the Nail enter,
 And now the Pulpit stands firm on its Center.

CANTO IV.

The ARGUMENT.

*Alas ! The Poëms curious Model
 Is Alter'd quite i' th' Poets Noddle !
 So Nature oft, for want of Tools,
 Decrees Wise men, produces Fools :
 To tell you True, my Muse and I
 Design'd at first, the Victory
 To Master Dean ; how 't came about
 I cannot tell ; but now the Rout
 Is His : yet so, The Fancy's richer
 To end in Pot, commence in Pitcher !
 Such was the Project ! such th' Event !
 But listen to the Argument !*

*The Chanter's Dream : A Chapter called ;
 Fine Speeches made ; The Pulpit mangled ;
 This Counter-Scuffle, I dare stand in't,
 The Goddess Discord had a hand in't :*

The

*The Prelates foes ; The Chanters friends ;
The Canto, and the Poëme ends.*

THE Pulpit now lifting its lofty Head
With carved Canopy stands Covered ;
When the Church-clocks with their melodious chime,
Summon'd the Singing-boyes to rise : 'Tis time
To Rise to Matins ! Thus the Bells did Chink !
Thus did at least the dreaming Sluggard think.

Drown'd in sweet Sleep th' Arch-chanter roll'd at ease,
(A Sovereign Medicine 'gainst the twinging Fleas,)
Whose roving Fancy travest many a Theme,
Startled at last with terror of a Dream ;
He cry'd out, waken'd at his own fierce crying,
And parboil'd in his mellow Sweat lay frying.
His Pages starting at the sudden Noyse,
Began to busle, rubbing their gum-glew'd Eyes ;
One frighted runs, but poor fool, knew not whither,
And from the dore leaps back, e're well got thither :
Giro! (a trustier Slave ne're waited on him,)
Runs to his Master, ne're a Rag upon him ;

What the Rope ails you ? (cry'd the testy Lacquey,)
Does th' Night-mare ride you, or the Old Witch make you
Roar at this rate ? What a mad coil you keep here,
That people cannot steal a Nap, or sleep here ?
Compose your self for shame ! The wiser Sun
His race Nocturnal has but half-way run ;
Is this a time for Prayers ? Let Singing-boyes
Whose Pension's pay for't, do those Drudgeries !

Ah friend ! (reply'd the quaking Chanter) friend !
Insult not o're my juster Palsion ; lend
Thy patient Ear to my sad Fate, and joyn
Thy secret sorrowes to these tears of mine !

Attend I say ! (I tremble whil'ft I'm speaking,)
The weighty Reasons of my poor heart breaking !

God *Morpheus* long before the peep of day,
Had lockt my Senses up with leaden Key
In second sleep ; when dulcid fumes and vapours,
In Fancies Cell, disport in frolick Capers ;

Methought I sat enthroned in the Quire,
Where crowds of Choristers my Grace admire ;
There blest the gawping throng ; there Incense sweet,
Stolne from the Saints, my pleased Senses meet,
When from the bottom of the Vestry came
A Prodigy too terrible to name ;
From Dusky Clouds (methought) of wreathed Smoak
Wide opening, A Hideous Monster broke,
Whose Mouth, Eyes, Nostrils, vomit flame, fume, fire,
How pale look'd all the Choristers i'th' Quire !
Him the proud Prelate dragg'd along in Chains,
Tame like a broken Colt, with Bit and Reins ;
But, that which struck us all more than half dead,
A Pulpit issued from the Dragons Head.

Horripilation seiz'd me ! my flesh quiver'd !
My loins relax'd with dismal horror shiver'd !
We all conclude from the Sulphureous smell,
Dragon and Pulpit both must come from Hell ;
Led by his Guide, the Monster doth aspire
Unto my Seat, there plac'd himself i'th' Quire.
Think ! think, my Ganymede, how was I appalled
To see the Horrid Fiend thus high installed ;
I screecht in vain, in vain I fled the Fury !
This Ple depose, is Truth before a Jury !

But here the Chaunter paws'd : he judg'd it best
To let his Eyes and Looks speak out the rest.

Girot essay'd to comfort him in vain ;
This Vision, Sir ! perhaps might rise from pain

In your disturb'd Head ; Melancholly Vapours
 Careering in the Brain beget these Capers :

The Chaunter cross'd, storms, rages, and in choler
 Leaps out of bed to mitigate his dolour ;
 Scorning with sorry Page to brawl, and quarrell,
 He calls in hast for's Holy-day Apparell !

A fair silk Cassock, richly lin'd with Plush
 Tho' dusty (*Giot* could not find the Brush,)
 He first put on ; next a silk Mohair Gown
 Which to his heels with dragling train hung down ;
 A pair of Purple Gloves his proper badges,
 A Rotchet which the Dean once gave as wages ;
 Yet jealous lest his Tail the ground should sweep,
 The Shears had dockt it short, three Inches deep.
 His corner'd Cap (for fear of cold) on's Head,
 His Hood in's hand for hast, he hurried ;
 Away he speeds thus gorgeously equipped,
 Never did seventy years so nimbly trip it !
 He curst an old Sciatica that Stop'd him,
 But yet his wooden Crutch most stoutly prop't him ;
 Rage added wings ; inspir'd with Zealous Fire
 (Whil'st others lagg'd) he first arriv'd i'th' Quire.

O Thou, who in a Rapture, tranc'd in Boggs,
 Describ'st the Battel of the Mice and Froggs !
 And Thou ! whose curious Pencil drew to th' Life
 All *Italy* for Goats-wooll fallen at strife ;
 Or rather thou, whose Muse did Pen the Stories
 Of the sad Contrasts 'tween the *Whiggs* and *Tories* !
 Lend me a Tongue that may express a Passion,
 Of mixed Envy, Spight, Rage, Emulation,
 First pale and dumb he stood, like one confounded ;
 As if ten thousand Furies him surrounded ;
 His Mass of Blood boils, all his Humours bubble ;
 Such power have Pulpits to create our trouble !

His belly swell'd like *Sybils* raptur'd Priest,
 With hollow sounding noise like Pythonist,
 Strugling he stood under this inward load,
 Releas'd at last he thus shook off the God!

See! *Girots* see! the True Interpretation
 Of my late Phantasmè, which thy foolish Passion
 Call'd a Delusion! thus the Dream I conster,
 This Pulpit is the Hideous Hell-born Monster!
 This! this the fatal, the Malignant skreen
 Will never more let me, poor me, be seen!
 Ah Prelate! trebble Vengeance now indeed
 Thy plotting pate has heap'd upon my Head!
 Could not thy Malice hugg it self in bed,
 Between two Nappy blanckets covered?
 To force my cold Seat, thy warm Couch resign?
 Put out thy right Eye, to put out both mine?
 O Heavens! O Hell! see how this Hateful Mass
 Has made a Tomb of my once glorious Place?
 Where I may sleep Inglorious, Sans Regard,
 Nor more than Powers Unseen, be seen, or heard!
 Nay rather than endure this fowl disgrace,
 A thousand times I'll quit this loathed Place:
 Ne're sing *Te Deum* more! Renounce the Alter!
 And end my dayes at *Tyburn* in a Halter!
 I ought not, cannot, will not live a Minute
 I' th' Church, whilst hateful Pulpit triumphs in it:
 Come *Girots*! lend thy friendly helping hand,
 If I have breath and strength, it shall not stand!
 He spoke! his Arm waited upon his words,
 Strength fill'd his Arm, and Fury strength affords:
 Arrests the Pulpit; and with haughty frown,
 Come down thou Idol! or I'll pluck thee down!

Just in the juncture of this flaming hate,
 As the wise Destinies ordain'd, and Fate,

Ganto 4.

LE LUTRIN.

35

Who should come in, but *Girard* the Bell-ringer?
 And at his heels amain, *Ribout* the Singer?
 No couple greater Bigots of the Chanters,
 Against the Prelate none more desperate Ranters;
 At the Dire sight though both did Sympathize,
 Yet they advis'd his Worship to be wise!
 Pray Sir! said they, for once be rul'd by Fools!
 'Tis dangerous meddling naked, with edg'd Tools!
 'Tis ten to one the Prelate will Alledge
 This fact of yours guilty of Sacrilege!
 Nay who can tell but at the General Dyet
 We may be Question'd, and Condemn'd of Ryot?

Call then a Chapter; put it to the Vote,
 Let faithful tellers take the Poll, and note
 The Ay's and Noe's; And if we carry't, then Sir!
 Down goes the Innovation, once agen Sir!

This sage Advice repriev'd some little while
 The trembling Pulpit: The Chanter feigns a smile!

Call then a Chapter! Run! Make halt! Away!
 Summon the Drowzy Drones! Nay Pray you stay,
 Quoth Honest *Ribout* the fam'd Chorister;
 No more halt than good speed, beseech you Sir!
 Rash actions often bring too late Repentance!
Girard was hugely taken with the sentence,
 And seconds him: Great Sir! this weighty Business,
 This Nice point will not bear Haste, or Remissness!
 Perhaps the Chanters and the Monks may be
 Awak'd, but did your Reverence ever see
 Prebends and Canons before break of Day
 Frequent the Chappel, there to sing, or say
Sursum Corda! Believe me, Sir! believe me,
 I speak't with troubled Heart, the thing does grieve me,
 When six bells jangling, for these thirty Years .
 Could never pierce their Barricado'd Ears,

What

What hope two sniveling Chanters cryes should wake 'em,
 And to Cold Prayers from their warm Beds betake 'em?
 Could you send *Jove* with his loud Thunder-claps,
 Your Plot perhaps might take, and but perhaps :
 With what Charms then, hope you here to prevail?
 These Adders stop their Ears with their own Tail.

The Chanter netled heard in fustian fume
 Rejoyning *Girard* thus sawcily presume,
 And thus! Nay now false heart, I plainly see
 What leg thou halt'st on! 'Tis the Prelate, he
 That mortifies thy base enfeebled Spirits,
 Vile Venal Soul! what know'st thou not my Merits?
 I oft have seen thee cringe with supple Hams,
 To woe his blessings; Alas! mere flim-flams!
 Well! go, and basely bend thy Oyled knees,
 I have enow without thee, to make 'em rise.

Come *Girot*! Come, my trusty steel-edg'd friend,
 Thee on this desp'rate Errand I dare send,
 Nor fear success: Take me the Thund'ring Hammer,
 On Holy Thursday us'd to raise a Clamour;
 And trust me friend, The Rising Sun shall see
 The Chapter met in it's Formality!
 'Twas said, 'twas done! forth from the sacred Chest
 Where it did lie from year to year at rest,
 The Mawl is brought: Away they March, and cry
 The Chapter waits you; waits you instantly!

Discord would not be wanting in the Brawl,
 She enters straight the Prelates Palace-Hall,
 Augments the Din; the Neighbour-hood she scares
 With rising Scare-fires, sudden Massacres;
 The Chanons now Awake! Strange tale to tell,
 Such wonder in an Age had scarce befall!
 One swears the Lightnings did invest the Town,
 That Thunder-bolts had beat the Houses down,

And

Canto 4.

LE LUTRIN.

37

And one cryes, Fire! Fire! Fire! the Church doth burn
 A second time; A third hopes a new turn,
 For Holy Thursday! some whose gutts chim'd Noon
 Bless't the Occasion that call'd them so soon
 From Bed to Board; for all Agree, no Knell
 Could more concern them than the Dinner-bell!

But yet the Noise that had unglow'd their eyes
 Could not perswade the Sluggish Chanons rise,
 Nor leave the Pleasures of th' enchanted Bed,
 Till wily *Giro*t got this trick in's Head;
 With *Stentors* Voice he makes loud Proclamation,
 O yez! Ith' Chapter House, A rare Collation
 Stands ready dress't to meet your Appetite!
 He needed say no more: O blessed sight
 To see the Prebends hast in Numerous throngs!
 What Rhetorick has Soup! how little Songs!
 Deaf Bellies now found Ears: one Chanon ran
 With one hose off, the other scarcely on;
 Another durst not stay to tye his shooes,
 But slip-sho'd hobbl'd, lest he Breakfast loose.
 A third, whose appetite severely itches
 Had not due time to hook his dropping Breeches!
 Fallacious Hopes! here was nor bread, nor Wine!
 The cheated Fools must with Duke *Humphrey* dine!
 Yet mute they fate, expecting when at last
 The Servitors bring in the hop'd Repast?
 Nor was it Reason that the gutted Fops
 Should spend their Tongues, who could not use their Chops.

The Chanter though he saw his plot succeed,
 Yet fear'd Delay might unseen Danger breed;
 Rising with blubber'd eyes brim full of Tears,
 Unbosoms to them all his Grievs and Fears.

But Chanon *Everard*, whose barking Maw
 All Hungry Guests, but yet no Victuals saw,

Impa.

Impatient of delay, as he was able,
 Cry'd out aloud; Pray Sirs, bring in the Table;
 What mean you thus to frustrate our rais'd Hopes?
 Must we sit alwayes pining in our Copes?

The Chanter conscious of his cheat, gave way
 To his Just Indignation; nor durst say
 Ought in Reply; till Father *Allain* broke
 The Horrid silence, and most gravely spoke:

This *Allain* you must know, was a learn'd Rabbin,
 Who spent his dayes at study in his Cabbin;
 Twice twenty times had he turn'd o're the Summs
 Of Father *Bauny*, had pick't up the Crums
 Of *Thomas à Kempis*; he knew the Lattin,
 Although his Gown was neither Silk nor Sattin;
 He gravely couglt, and coughing gravely Rose,
 Discharg'd his mind in *Ciceronian* Prose;
 Which cause the sence was Great, the language terse,
 The Poet has Immortaliz'd in Verse.

I'll pawn my Life on't (said the Canonist)

This is the Knavery of some *Jansenist*!

I dare believe my own eyes Information!

Our Prelate's pleas'd with *Gurniers* Conversation:

Arnold that Heretick waits our Destruction,

And this Tool uses for the Deans seduction:

No doubt but he can from St. *Austin* prove

That one St. *Lewis* sent from Heaven above,

In after Ages rising in our *France*,

A Pulpit in this Chappel should advance:

Now to confute him there lies all the skill,

Hee'l plague us with the Torrent of his Quill;

One Argument we've yet left to confute him,

Let's burn him in Effigie, that will rout him!

Let others turn ore each Voluminous Father,

That's not my Province; To be short, I'de rather

Confute

Consult with Father *Bunny*; he alone
 With me is twenty *Austins*, all in One:
 Go then and Ramage all Antiquity,
 If any footsteps there, of Pulpits be;
 We've time enough e're day! fall to your task,
 No longer space than till day-break we ask:
 So many Heads, and hands I doubt not, can
 Before Sun-rise peruse the *Vatican*!
 This uncouth motion startled all that heard it,
 Till fat-guts *Everard* open'd, and quite marr'd it:

A wife device! (quoth he) And pray, what Gains }
 Shall answer all this Cumber, all these pains? }
 For one poor lowzy Pew, to break our Brains:
 'Tis more Ingenious to Study Meat,
 Let his Thin Chops his Multy Authors Eat!
 We've other Fish to fry! I am a man
 That Read alike Bible and Alchoran!
 If I can learn what Rents my Tenants owe;
 When Mortgag'd Vineyards forfeited dogrow;
 Can I precisely learn the Quarters day,
 When wooden Shooes trudge up their dues to pay;
 There lies my Talent! I no Learning lack,
 But what is enter'd in my Almanack.
Imprimis, fifty Marks a year in Ground-Rents;
Item, twice fifty more *Per-ann.* in Pound Rents!
 When Wheat, and Mault in crowded Garners lie,
 I boast me of a well-stor'd Library!
 Why vex we then Dead Fathers, Greeks and Lattins?
 Our Mother Tongue will serve to Mumble Mattins;
 Ple ask no help of *Scotus* to pull down
 A Pulpit! This great Arm the Work shall Crown.
 All's one to me, let *Arnold* judge or quit me,
 I'll hit him home agen, whoe're dares hit me:

Fie on these long Harangues! Let's live, and Drink!
And let censorious Whigs think what they think!

Thus *Everard* spoke! A heavy Abbey Lubber!

Whose Head was alwayes nuzling in the Cubber'd!

Ribout the Chorister then demurely rose,
And these Impertinencies stiffly oppose.

I never lik'd tedious Circumlocutions,
And shall advise to more concise conclusions!
Let *Trombaut* make but the great Organs roar,
They'll blow the Pulpit quickly out o'th' dore!

Needs must the Chanter own each man his friend,
Though differing in the Means, they jumpt i'th' Eend!

The General cry went still, Ay! one and all!

Let the Proud Pulpit, Let the Pulpit fall!

Thus all Unanimous held the Conclusion,

But in the Premises was great Confusion:

Just so at *Trent*, when Concord in a Bag

Came Post from *Rome*, they hit it to a Tag!

The least he lik'd was he that last had spoke,
His Patience that a little did provoke:

I ne're Approv'd (quoth he) this moral work!

Who knows what fallacy may under't lurk?

Who can assure me but the Pulpits blast

May puff the Organs out of Doors at last?

We sometimes saw the sad experiment,

Away with that Dubious Expedient;

Come, Come! Lets make (said he) a Quick dispatch!

Whilst we prate here, we fast in pain, and watch!

Down with the Idol! As I am a sinner,

My eager stomach crokes, and calls for Dinner!

There will we sit, Chat, Eat, Drink, Laugh, grow fat,

Exiling fretting Care, that kills a Cat!

He rose in hasty Zeal; The faithful Troop,
Arm'd with the Pregnant hopes of Sacred Soup,

Follow

Canto 4.

LE LUTRIN.

4.

Follow their Leader : to the Quire they go,
There view the Object of their Rage, and Wo ;
There on the Common Enemy they lay
United hands ; and at the first essay
Pluck down the Provocation of their Spleen ;
So in the Woods of *Ardenne* have I seen,
Sacred to *Jove*, an Ancient spreading Oak
Fall at the Axes oft redoubled stroke !

The Boards they rend in Pieces ; and the Quarry
In Triumph to the Chanters Kitchen carry !
So Arduous was the work ! of such Renown !
To set a Pulpit up, to pluck a Pulpit down !

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18. Anonymous, "Of Genius," in *The Occasional Paper*, Vol. III, No. 10 (1719), and Aaron Hill, Preface to *The Creation* (1720).

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